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Poems

...by...

“Gurnet.”





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SONGS OF LIFE

.. BY ..

“GURNET”

DERBY:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
JAMES HARWOOD,
DERWENT BUILDINGS.

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DEDICATION

To that Fairy, good and potent, by whose
aid intellect speaketh with intellect across
centuries and across seas:—

OUR MOTHER TONGUE.

The Author of these lines dedicates them,
in gratitude to those—living and dead—who
in literature, speak and fear not.

“GURNET.”

NOTE BY THE PUBLISHER.

—:—

THE Author of these pages, a humble follower of the torch of poetry, expresses in his lines a deep sympathy with struggling humanity.

That he has all his life been a toiler in the generally accepted sense of the word, does not appear to have affected the workmanship of his pen and indeed may have given him the insight into the music of life that these "Songs of Life" exhibit.

The lines marked "Clippings," and that occupy the first few pages of the volume have already appeared in print in the *Durham Chronicle*, *The Toronto Telegram*, *the St. Andrew's (Barnet) Magazine*, and the *Glasgow Mail*.

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POEMS.

PART I.

CLIPPINGS.

THE COAL MINERS.

—:—

STRONY, stony Durham hills,
Hard as be your own sons' wills,
Rich mines deep within ye lie,
Shafts flung high against the sky.

They who cope with mother earth,
Oft have souls of rarest worth.
They who with Old Earth make play
In her depths make hard won way.

'Mongst the pit lads one may find
Men swayed by a noble mind ;
Kindly as the sunshine fair,
Brave hearts that in darkness dare.

To stone tunnel dark they go,
Earnest, watchful, bending low ;
Moving, living, midst dead earth,
Giving world-wide commerce birth

Candle lit, and loosely clad,
See the active miner lad ;
Fiercely loose a mass of coal,
For some engine's burning soul.

Legislation watcheth well,
Science guards from dangers fell ;
Yet the bell at times doth knell,
Brave men in Valhalla dwell.

RETRO ME SATHANUS.

—:—

GLORIES of the outward things,
 Sceptres of the passing kings,
 What are these to we who drink
 At the living waters' brink ?
 How shall they who love the—Way
 Bow and worship Evil's sway.
 Retro me Sathanus.*

What if beauty's lure attend thee,
 What though gold and strength defend thee.
 As a driven cloud that flies,
 Is thy pomp that wanes and dies,
 How shall they who love the—Way
 Bow and worship Evil's sway.
 Retro me Sathanus.

Glitter ! Glitter ! In cold pride
 Hate-bought sceptres scarlet hued,
 Thy dread light is not our guide,
 We serve thee not—blood embrued.
 How shall they who love the—Way
 Bow and worship Evil's sway.
 Retro me Sathanus.

(“Retro me Sathanus”—“Get thee behind me, Satan.”)

THEY KNOW NOT.

—:—

FAST chained by the ruth of strife,
Blinded by the pride of life,
Father, forgive them !

Moth-like, charmed by searing flame,
Taught foul evil in Thy name,
Father, forgive them.

In this rending agony
For their souls I cry to Thee,
Father, forgive them.

In the days which yet shall be,
Earth-clad souls shall adore Thee,
Father, forgive them ! they know not.

A VISION OF MEN'S HEARTS.

—:—

Now it so chanced that after a day of vexation and disappointment, a vision came to me in the stillness of night.

And whether the vision came from my Guardian Angel, I know not. But it seemed good to write the vision down, that afterwards I might think on its truth.

IN a long and earnest fight, I watched the skill of three fighters.

The field of fight was the battle of life. Each of the three was a noted exponent of widely differing schools of fighting.

I.

One, a huge man, struck hard and often with a mace, and his heart was in his blows. But his enemies, even those he smote sore, had liking for the big fighter.

For ever he smote fairly, and never smote unawares an unarmed man. For the reason that his honest heart would not suffer him to do so.

Yet was he bluff and crude of speech and not fair or comely to see. And his friends were many.

For his heart was large and shone as pure gold shines, which may not be lightly esteemed.

II.

Now the second contestant was neither large nor small, but in appearance was as other men are.

Yet was he a most deadly fighter, for the reason that he had skill in fence. Also had he subtlety, which made him feign to be overcome by his enemies, till they grew careless in their sword play ; when on the instant, as drops the eagle on its prey, his keen sword would flash in final conquest.

And it was so that his heart, through much subtlety, was seen to be hard and cold as he fought.

But never towards the weak was he subtle.

And by men he was not loved. For they knew his pitiless power in sword play and dreaded it.

Children he loved and was loved of them. So he loved the weak and sorrowful, and of them only were his friends.

And his heart was a precious stone which burnt but did not consume.

III.

The third man was small in physique and his skill was great.

But because his strength was poor he prevailed not.

And because he prevailed not in fair fight he fought unfairly.

And because he fought unfairly his heart turned against him.

So that he attacked the defenceless, and struck his friends unawares, and his enemies at meat.

Therefore he was hated with a bitter contempt.

Cold darting serpents played in his bosom and their will was his will.

Of friends he had none.

Then his heart grew more black and took on the sheen of black jewels.

Now, when I saw the heart of the third man to be so vile, I prayed full earnestly for an honest heart as a jewel of fairest worth.

And I besought the aid of my good angel, and the help of those holy minded men and women, who, with pure ideals having fought the battle of life, have been sainted by Mother Church.

That even as they joyfully met torture of mind and body rather than embrace the worship of evil—

That likewise my heart might be so guarded that at all times, whether of sudden joy or long threatened misery, it might never harbour evil thoughts. For so I saw was true joy to be found.

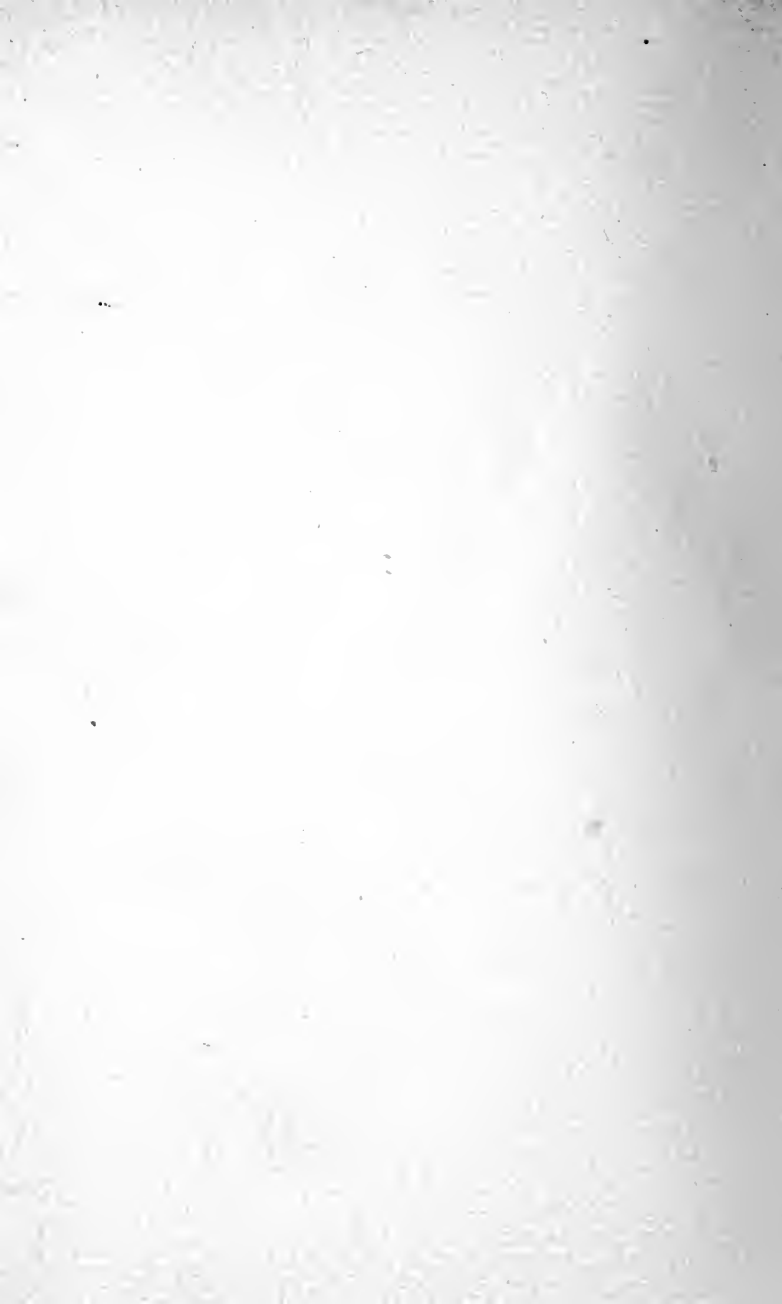
WEST COAST SUPREMACY.

—:—

ALWAYS had a job at the store,
And a vote in the good old ward.
Now good jobs are "yellow" at core,
Coolie brats are thick on the sward.

It's well to be law abiding,
But men will think first of their own,
With sleek Asiatics riding,
While your wife's wan smile hides a moan.

White children working for small wage
On a "Jappy" fruit plantation,
Can you blame, sir, men of courage
Taking steps to guard their nation?



THE SOUL OF PILATE.

THE SOUL OF PILATE.

—:—

PILATE, of the quiet eyes,
 Listens to the priest's wild cries :
 Cries for torment and for shame
 On a man of regal frame—

Guardian of the Roman law
 Whom the puerile rabble saw
 Scorning, with a Roman's mind,
 Superstition, vengeful blind.

Kinship feels the Roman proud
 For the lone man' in the crowd ;
 Comradeship of intellect
 For ' the Host,' the priests select.

Subject for an artist's fire,
 Passion for a poet's lyre.
 " Brother of a conscience high
 " Whither doth our Goddess lie ?

“ Heavy falls my ruling hand
“ On this conquered priest-rid land ;
“ Yet from me the Truth is far
“ Distant as a glorious star
“ Ever flying from our gaze,
“ Ever shunning human ways.

“ With the eager hopes of youth
“ In a search for final truth,
“ Fearless scan we parchment page,
“ Tirelessly the quick thoughts rage.

“ History doth circling reel,
“ History dazeth they who feel,
“ Telleth how the god-like kneel
“ Under forceful murd’rous steel.

“ Dwells Truth in the hearts of men ?
“ Deep down far from human ken,
“ Thence to rise when heroes call,
“ Beautiful and strong withal.

“ Well meant priests in unctious pride
“ Do her pure sweet face deride ;
“ For the soul forge iron bands,
“ Desert Truth in greed for lands.

“ Wise men in their rival schools
“ Claim her for their inky pools,
“ Pointing some to hermit’s cave,
“ Some to soldiers proud and brave ;

“ Pointing some with zealot’s eye
“ To the hollow mocking sky ;
“ Pointing some with visage high
“ Where barbarians turn and fly.

“ Tell me, Strong One, Hast no fears ?
“ For base imitative years
“ When earth-seeking priests shall prate,
“ Fearful lessons from thy fate.

“ In thy name slay brother men ;
“ To thy praise raise torture den ;
“ With base passions in their hearts
“ Praise thee in their gold-curst marts.

“ Shall the cause of Truth advance ?
“ By the martyr’s faggot dance ;

“ Wave on wave barbarians rise
“ Insult Truth with puny cries,
“ Break and shatter with the shock
“ To a common savage stock.

“ Rival forces, good and ill,
“ On man’s soul do work their will :
“ Warfare that shall never cease,
“ Only fools shall dream of peace.

“ See, in twice a thousand years,
“ Yearning parent’s blood-hued tears
“ When their first-born child shall find
“ Competition, senseless, blind.

“ Rape the glowing heart of youth,
“ Leaving shame in place of Truth

“ In the fiend-born, coming days
“ They who bask in fortune’s rays
“ On their way shall idly tread,
“ While pale millions writhe for bread.

“ When milleniums shall have run,
“ And their cycle shall have spun,
“ Men shall envy in their heart
“ Roman virtue, Grecian art.

“ Virtue, that with honest hand
“ Served high gods in every land ;
“ Art, that brought to bond and free
“ Knowledge of man’s dignity.

“ Go thou, where the Truth commands.
“ See, I wash my law-tied hands ;
“ Leave them to their little fates—
“ Truth waits for thee at the gates.

“ Bondman, I, at Cæsar's hands,
“ Place man I on Cæsar's lands.
“ King thou, of an ancient race,
“ Worthy of a hero's place.”



DESCRIPTIVE SUBJECTS.



A SYMBOL FROM THE EAST.

—:—

ANCIENT, near the outward gate,
 Who hast watched the proud and great
 Hurl'd from power in the State
 At the slightest nod of fate.

As an eagle in the skies
 Knoweth what beneath him lies,
 Of the wisdom from your eyes
 Give me ere your judgment dies !

Tell me why the hoary law
 Hath a cruel blood-dript maw,
 Tell me why pale-sheeted dead
 Died in lack of honest bread !

Tell me why no Kaffir's krall
 Holds so helpless a poor thrall,
 As in hideous crowds infest
 Glorious cities of the West !

Tell me if the good Christ died
 That vile brutes might proudly ride,
 While good women hungry shiver,
 Gazing wistful on the river !

Servants of the public will,
 Who the highest places fill,
 Hear the feeble-hearted praters
 Rightly call each other traitors.

Thou, Who whipt' with awful face,
Mammon from Thy holy place,
Mark the trembling girl there sold
In Thy name, for yellow gold.

Ere you pass life's outer gate
Ancient, of the palsied gait ;
Is this world, of raging hate,
Plaything of some hideous fate. ?

Answered old age to the youth,
" Listen to the words of truth :
" Once I had your narrow view ;
" Once I sought men, good and true.

" Seek a symbol from the East ;
" On the desert sands a beast ;
" Massive 'o'er the Egypt sands,
" Human head, inhuman hands.

" ' So is man, thro' all his days ;
" So is man, in all his ways ' :
" Hidden by a god-like face,
" Bestial passions find a place.

" He, who was your oath-sworn friend,
" Did he not your best hopes rend ?
" She, who bought you with a smile,
" Sold you for a fortune vile.

" Doth Religion's holy cause
" Bind on rapine red a pause ?
" See the jewelled mitred priest
" Bless the troops for death's dread feast.

" Does the politician hold
" Vast store of ill-gotten gold ?
" Patriotism's fire grows cold,
" Liberty is bought and sold.

* * *

Coldly spoke the ancient sage ;
Coldly, with the calm of age :
" Seek a symbol from the East,"
" Human head guides claws of beast."

When the aged man had ceased
My perplexity increased
Till the answer, like a flood,
Coursed electric thro' my blood.

* * *

" Come with me to *London's East*,
" Where rules pain's fermenting yeast ;
" See how kindness gentle broods,
" Mitigating black Fate's moods !

They, we call degraded poor,
Have a manhood, strong and sure ;
Toil and rest, and children's love :
The beast mastered by the dove.

Come with me and see again,
Sweetness rising out of pain :
Courage out of feebleness :
Conquest out of black distress.

Knights, who at the table round,
High ideals gladly found ;
Would they in our later day
Find no dragons now to slay ?

* * *

Dragons, surelie, maye be founde ;
Foetid dragons doe abounde
Lacke we knights like they of olde
To attacke their felle strongholde ?

Send a knight, with flaming brand,
Riding rev'renced thro' the land,
Leading sweetness by the hand,
Scattering the robber band.

* * *

Cruelly the pale sage smiled,
" You are but a puerile child :
Learn this lesson from the East,
Sphinx-like head hath claws of beast."

ECHOES OF THE TIDE.

—:—

USHERED by a fairy tide
 Comes the moon, a glitt'ring bride :
 Breaking wavelets, spraying hiss,
 Like a syren mermaid's kiss.
 Dreamily dances the tide.

With a muffled ripple gliding,
 Like a watcher from his hiding,
 Creeping stealthy o'er the reek,
 While the white gulls ghostly shriek.
 Silently sweeps the tide.

Leaping lions, youthful, proud,
 Are the great waves, as they crowd,
 'Till they on the shingle roar,
 Ravening, rushing, more and more.
 Raging runs the tide.

Shrieking, groaning, fiends at play,
 Lash the tide to howling spray ;
 By lone beds, fair women pray,
 That the fiends have not their way.
 Haunted hurries the tide.

Melancholy, mutt'ring sea,
 Who may thus home-coming be ?
 With his limbs extended wide,
 Floating, floating, on the tide.
 Ghostly gleams the tide.

THE SEAGULL.

—:—

High the rolling white mist cleaving,
Royally the dull world leaving ;
 Masterless on circling wings,
 Spurning men as creeping things.

Demon-like, I shriek my laughter ;
Close a rich prey follow after.
 Masterless on circling wings,
 Spurning men as creeping things.

Surging seas, doomed men are fending ;
Soon their eyes I shall be rending.
 Masterless on circling wings,
 Spurning men as creeping things.

LONGING.

—:—

MIRROR, mirror, glancing bright,
You reflect her throat so white ;
Surely, surely, you are wise,
You may feast upon her eyes ;
Torture of her regal eyes.

I would be coronet, rare,
Nestling cosy 'neath her hair.
I would be her rounded glove,
It may press the hand I love.
Torture of her rounded hand.

SPIRIT OF THE CITY PARK.

—:—

THE old men come to me for their walk ;
 Fraternal meet for their daily talk ;
 Their inn is a sheltered, shady nook,
 Experience the host with memory's book.

The worn men watch the children rolling,
 Or see the lads and lasses strolling
 On the green grass in the strong sunlight ;
 Grey poverty shamed by Nature bright.

Consider me well, from my bound'ry wall,
 To the forced plants in the prim beds small ;
 From the shaded artificial pool
 To the playground for the child from school.

Pleasant to view the citizen's pride,
 Are my winding walks, my grass groves wide ;
 One thing puzzles me, men of grey hair
 For wastrel children doth no law care ?

Citizens boast of neat flower beds ;
 Children near by have ghoulisn heads !

The shame of it ; how my well kept walks,
And swept parade, where the preacher talks ;
Blush for the children's neglected locks,
Weep for their ragged and scanty frocks !

Skill and wealth, on my needs are showered ;
My future growth is fully dowered.
Is it so, with these three lads at play ?
Is there room for each to win a way ?



THE TRIPLE PROPHECY OF THE OLD MEN.

I.

Though one in a hundred, shall the fates,
Encourage to browbeat duller mates ;
And one in a thousand gain to wealth,
With hate burnt heart, and weakened health.

Yet the future of these we'll unfold
Till their warm young hearts grow dull and cold,
And lissom limbs become weak and old—
Valued less than the brutes in a fold.

One his savings in trade shall invest—
Trade, but a lottery is at best !
Depriving himself of ease and rest,
Weaving sands, with his hands, for his nest.

An idle, careless, rival he'll see
Drawing rich toll from wealth's blood-fed tree ;
The bankrupt trader has bitter spoil,
Despoiled hearth, shrunken soul, for his toil.

THE TRIPLE PROPHECY OF THE OLD MEN.

II.

Another, with clerkly brain and eyes,
Long years shall fight for an office prize,
Though office prizes be small and few,
Were merit master he'd gain fair due.

Never shall employer know his worth ;
Never shall his talents have their birth !
Head clerks shall pirate his work for years,
Blacken his name to his master's ears.

III.

Old fair land, and queenly rich city,
Only for black men, have ye pity.
No sons ye feed at maternal breast :
Lawless Mother, ye rend them with zest.

Our clear old eyes, do the last lad see,
'Neath heavy loads bending his young knee ;
To his old mother he home doth run,
Proud of his wages so hardly won.

At the entrance to strong manhood's gate
What welcome findeth he in the State ?
Look ! The dutiful son, with a sob,
Tramps the hard bitter roads for a ' job.'

THE VICTOR'S WIFE.

—:—

WERE I ragged, poor, and broken
Yet I'd hold a precious token ;
Largess from the powers above,
Splendid largess in your love.

In the harbour of your breast
None but quiet thoughts do rest :
Haven of the fairest peace,
At your bar the wild storms cease.

In the days of sternest stress,
Nerving for the forward press,
Steadfast courage in your eyes.
Sped me onward to the prize.

MAGIC OF THE WATERS.



ANCIENT Sea, with the Earth Wind thy mate
Ye who sing the strong song of man's fate

As the rush of a proud steed o'er turf,
Pulses joyous the beat of the surf.
Bringing hope as the song of its rush,
Renewed life in the calm of its hush.

And the heart yearnings, crushed in life's fight
Put on strength, at the sound of thy might,
Share the joy of a conquering host,
With the crash of thy ranks on the coast.

Smooth Sea, mirroring an angel's thought
The Earth Wind, with Earth Passions is fraught
'Till the wind obsessed sea raves its rage,
And its strength with man's strength doth engage.

When a tardy repentance restores
Their dread work to the wrath shaken shores
How the sobbing waves supplicate peace,
For the souls, whom their wrath did release.

EYES OF EVE AND EYES OF LILITH.

—:—

BRAVE eyes, loyal, kind and warm,
 In their quiet depths no storm ;
 How the bright force of your life
 Lessens the dark sum of strife—
 Queenly eyes of EVE.

Angels of the honest things
 Ye be consorts, meet for kings :
 Ye bring Empire to your land,
 Low, we bend, and kiss your hand—
 Quiet, queenly eyes of EVE.

* * *

Lady, of the duplex mind,
 You do trouble human kind,
 Now your favour is due North,
 Now it swift is speeding South—
 Anxious eyes of LILITH.

Deep your heart an image bears ;
 How the sweet pang mars your prayers !
 Though no ring your finger wears,
 Thou who favour widely shares—
 Anxious eyes of LILITH.

* * *

Lady, who for power doth rage,
Cold your features, stern and sage,
Lift your monocle to eye :
See ! The slavers idle by—
Merchant eyes of LILITH.

Slavers, would your daughter buy ;
Pleasant is her childish sigh,
Lift your monocle to eye :
See ! The slavers idle by—
Merchant eyes of LILITH.

* * *

Roving eyes, that seek a prey,
Heaven send us not your way !
Eyes that burn, by night and day,
To amuse and then to slay—
Vampire eyes of LILITH.

Vampire of the darker powers,
White bones lie beneath your towers,
Never was it Nature's plan
That you wed with any man !—
Veiled vampire eyes of LILITH.

CLERK IN RUSTY BLACK.

—:—

IN dull streets those merchants dwell
 Who have naught but work to sell ;
 With his grisly fingers, fell
 Famine, there works deathly spell—
 Famine in rusty black !

Wise men deemed it just and right
 To enslave the vanquished knight ;
 Worn black clothes and linen frayed,
 Shut me from the well arrayed—
 Clerk in rusty black !

As the starving, lacking food,
 On the bliss of plenty brood,
 So my fevered pulses move
 Love's veiled mystery to prove—
 Clerk in rusty black.

Not for me are women's eyes ;
 Not for me are love's glad cries ;
 Young, I class with old and wise,
 Shunning every glorious prize—
 Clerk in rusty black !

Thou, Who loosed from Egypt's hold,
Jewish slave in days of old,
Loose me ! Loose me from my life !
Loose from this unequal strife !—
 'Thrall in rusty black.

NAY ! I would be still a thrall ;
My life is my mother's all ;
Give me back my routine pen,
Shut me in the office den.—
 Clerk in rusty black.



A PRISONER OF THE DRAGON.

—:—

My love doth move with stately tread,
 Royally bears a pretty head ;
 Yet walketh she in lonely dread
 Of a dragon, grinning red—
 Powerful is Convention !

Mary ! Pity lover's meeting
 But to pass with stranger's greeting ;
 Better so than never meeting :
 Better so than never greeting !—
 Dreary is Convention !

O, the dumb pain in your eyes !
 How my soul in answer cries ;
 Yet, upon us each, there lies
 Weakness, as of one who dies—
 Cruel is Convention.

Love hath giv'n to me the grace
 To dispense with Time and Space.

* * *

Though your lips are nothing near
 Yet your message I can hear ;
 From your heart's blood, O my dear,
 It doth dispel all my fear—
 Conquered is Convention !

DEAD VELDT FARMER'S HAND.

—:—

FATHER and son, we buried them both,
Side by side, fast and deep, on my oath.

* * *

Next morning, in marching past the place,
The regiment moved with solemn pace
For there, in the sun, above the sand,
Pointed, swollen and stark, a dead hand.

The hand seemed as wishing to protest
'Gainst the couch as ill-liked by the guest ;
From the lone waste of his final rest
A dead hand groped for all he loved best.

Dead farmer, seem your upraised fingers
To call your son, who strangely lingers ;
Vainly do you call him back to love :
Never shall he kiss a maiden's glove.

*May the Gods burn the scene on your brain,
Ye who invoked the dread leaden rain.*

EBB AND FLOW.



As a great star with orbit wide flung,
Or a circle from Heaven full swung,
The events that the Gods shall ordain
Spring to birth for our pleasure and pain.

From the darkness of meaningless days
Living love dawneth, full on our ways ;
As the tides follow hard on the moon
So the lives and the loves pass full soon.

And the planet lives kin to our own,
As their orbit recedes, leave us lone ;
Puny human arms stretched to loves light
Grasp the phantom-like shadows of night.

‘CIVIS ROMANUS SUM’



INCARNATION !

—:—

SEEMED a shining spirit grand
To uphold me with her hand :
Like ' silver waves on golden sand,'
Her voice told of my far home-land.

" Till your cycle here you close,
I will guard you from earth foes."

O, my face low I did bend,
On the higher powers attend
That this vision I might send.

It is ever my loved care
That no stain from earth you wear.

Thou, who left celestial mates,
Heroic ent'ring earth's black gates,

Thy compassionate stern gaze
Fell on earth's cold unjust ways ;

Well I loved you, O my lord !
Earth incarnate, spirit sword.

Thou, incarnate, sought to give
Life, to they who will not live.

Well I loved you, O, my Lord !
Loved the sheathing of your sword ;
When you found no foe of worth,
No mate on this grimy earth.

Soon, your incarnation done,
We shall be as old time, one."

* * *

Only to an earth-clad mind
Seem earth forces planned unkind.

Slowly, stately Nature moves,
Yet how surely man improves.

Weakly beat his weighted wings,
To the higher worthy things.

PATERNITY.



LATE type of my father's race,
I salute your infant face ;
Stroking soft your yellow hair,
Press to mine your cheek, full fair.

Magic healing, smiling lies
In your trustful, love-kissed eyes ;
Substituting pride for pain,
Nerving for the fray again.

Tightly, baby's small hand clings,
His soft touch true wisdom brings ;
Tiny, brave caressing fingers,
Potently their clinging lingers.

Ere you run to evening rest,
Close you lie upon my breast ;
In each life-beat of my heart
Love for you bears royal part.

O'er the river of our love
Angels hover from above.

* * *

May the river ever flow,
May the river ever grow.

IDLE QUESTIONS.

—:—

SOFT, we speak of less known things,
Hast thou ne'er felt angel's wings ?
What is that we know as fate,
Haunting some like potent hate ?
Is it warning to the mind,
Of a jealous love unkind ?

Doth a jealous spirit hover
Striking earth joy from her lover ?

What of that we call success,
He, who loometh from the press :
Doth no kindly mentor bless ?
Did no angel, fond, caress ?

Hath the wider spirit world
Duplex banners, there unfurled ?
In an alternating tide
Doth good cope with evil wide ?

As our short years come and go
We can mark an ebb and flow.
Mark Revival's holy light,
Followed by a crime wave's night.

THANKS FOR LOVE.

—:—

Oh, the touch of her hand, on another's hand ;
Oh, the grace of her step, on another's land ;
 Thank the high gods for love !

Oh, the smile in her eyes, for another's cheer ;
Oh, the grave in her heart, for a dead love dear ;
 Thank the high gods for love !

Oh, ye undying flames, that feed on my heart ;
On me double thy fires, let her bear no part.
 Thank the high gods for love.

My parched soul, at her smile, leaps high in my
 breast,
But dissolve shall my breast, it's love unexpressed.
 Thank the high gods for love.

THAMESMOUTH.

—:—

WHERE the Thames and North Sea meet
Commerce steeds, steel clad, ride by
And grim sea-dogs of the Fleet,
Raise St. George's cross on high.

Father Thames ! since ancient days,
Strong and brave sons crowd thy ways.

* * *

Royal purple shadows fall
With the sunset—over all.

SAILOR "IN EXTREMIS."

—:—

NORTH wind ! icy cold, and grim
 Freezing spray on eyelids dim,
 How may we save our brave barque
 With our helmsman freezing stark ?

Hurry, hurry, hungry sea,
 Hasten on the fate to be ;
 Quicker, quicker, Hag-rid waves,
 List' the Storm-witch howling raves.

Said I not we bore a curse ?
 Raging weather grows yet worse ;
 Slowly forge our quiv'ring planks
 Thro' the mad sea's onset ranks.

Late left, pleasant cottage home,
 Standing in the fruitful loam !

* * *

My good wife shall widowed roam
 Ere this moon shall reach her dome.

Good wife ! Warn my little lad,
 Lest he meet a fate as sad,

* * *

This, the last wish of my prime,
 Ere I sink the final time.

RIVER OF INHERENT GOOD.

—:—

“Now the sons of God saw the daughters of men, that
they were fair.”

GOODNESS hath a rebel sword,
Boweth to no earthly lord ;
From her awful burning eyes,
Shrinking evil fearful flies.

Goodly gift, from mystic heaven,
Spreading as a living leaven ;
Name we God, as it's first source ;
Bless its purifying force.

River of inherent good,
Long your course hath peerless stood,
Trickling from an older day,
Time but widens your loved sway.

Good Inherent, may your flood
Increase in our strange mixt' blood,
'Till the meanest slum has pride
In the flowing of your tide.

THE NORTH EXPRESS.

—:—

Triumph of
 Human skill ;
 Symbol of
 Human will—
 Swift gliding Express.

Rushing by
 Minster high ;
 Past us go
 Hutments low—
 Swift gliding Express.

Quickly do
 The scenes change :
 Dulness to
 Plenty range—
 Swift gliding Express.

THE HOME GUARDS.

—:—

Soldiers of the 'County,'
Guarding the old home-land :
Giving manhood's bounty—
Lion heart, ready hand.

At Mother England's call
The iron glove shall fall.

Our guns crash out "For Home" ;
Our war-flag front the foam,
Answering England's call—
"FOEMEN WITHOUT THE WALL,"

LOVE COMPLETED.

—:—

Now may the fiends with their tortures come,
For I have heard your voice.

Cold years of waiting burst into bud,
For I have seen your soul.

Welcome ! Good Death, with his grisly drum,
For I have drunk your lips.

Ashtar of old doth dwell in thy blood,
And I have known your arms.

FAIR FRANCE.

—:—

HONOUR they who lead on the advance !
Who will shatter or drive home the lance.

As humanity's hosts thunder on,
They but follow where French swords have gone ;
Cheer the veteran vanguard of France,
Who meet fate, as meet partners, in dance.

Though the Lily of France appear cold,
Yet a warm graceful heart doth it hold ;
And the heart of Fair France is pure gold
When its beauty the hour doth unfold :

When the gods with a generous hand,,
Vital sunshine, poured out on her land
From their kiss, as they smiling, passed by,
Sprang her gifts of intelligence high.

WEE MAID'S MODEL.

—:—

OUR teacher has pretty clothes,
Heaps and heaps of things she knows :
Adds up figures, rows and rows ;
Figures make me nod and doze !

Teacher, the way understands
To write and not ink her hands ;
Bright ring on her left hand, white,
Pretty shines in the sunlight.

When we grow big, by and by,
All us girls will try, and try,
To be like our teacher, sweet,
To dress like our teacher, neat.

THE THUNDERSTORM.

—:—

FROM a mass of purple cloud,
Spreading like a kingly shroud ;
Cutting swift the quiv'ring air,
Springs the lightning's darting flare.

* * *

Rolling, rending, floods of sound,
Crash their impact to the ground.
Through the thunder-riven air,
Restless spirits seek a lair.

CANADA, SON OF THE NORTH.

—:—

Young knight, of the strong sure hand ;
Virgin knight, of Northern land :
Thou art fated to make stand
For the quest of Arthur's band.
Hail ! To thy pure North blood.

Guarding, with an equal hand,
Searchers for life-giving land ;
Ruling, forceful, strong and sure,
Lovers of the yellow lure.
Hail ! To thy strong North blood.

Surging from the Eastern hills,
To the sun-kissed West Coast rills,
France and England's eager knights
Shield by shield, their future fights.
Hail ! To the brave North blood.

Conquests, mid fierce cold or heat,
Conquests, laid at beauty's feet ;
Beauty, in a good wife's eyes ;
Beauty, in a child's first cries.
Hail ! To the kind North blood.

POLITICAL POWER.

—:—

RAISING might in the hour,
When our enemies lour ;
We fling armies afar
To uphold England's star.

Dangers within the State,
Evil's cruel black hate ;
Call for Women's clear sight,
To assist in the fight.

Woman souls that know and feel
Shall crush serpents under heel ;
And the ranks of evil reel
From our votes as from bared steel.

CHILDHOOD'S POWER.



FRAME so small and passing weak,
Rosy lips that lisping speak ;
Childhood wieldeth regal power,
Love and weakness, royal dower.

Woman can degrade the wise,
At a word cause Death to rise ;
Stronger still in every land,
Ranks the child with clinging hand.

Though a people shrink in dread
'Neath a fierce invader's tread,
Let their children cry for bread :
See ! They rally. Count the dead.

RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

THE ROCK OF DEFENCE.

* * *

As the wandering tides, that no sure rest, do find,
Is the soul without guides, trusting intellect, blind.

As a ship, lacking chart, on a river unknown,
Is the weak human heart, trusting wisdom alone.

Shutting out sin's fierce roar, let us draw more and more,
Ancient Church, from thy store, of spiritual lore.

CALL OF THE SENSES.

—:—

WRITTEN in the Holy Law,
 Graven on the Tables, Stone,
 Firmly fronting mammon's maw,
 "We live not by bread alone."
 Clamorous the senses call,
 Jesu ! Hold their might in thrall.

Bread, that giveth length of days,
 With each day, brings bitterness ;
 But Thy Word doth light our ways
 With a joy that aye shall bless.
 Clamorous the senses call,
 Jesu ! Hold their might in thrall.

In life's desert, unclean things
 Ravenous rage for the soul ;
 But the outspread guarding wings
 Of Thy Word, shall keep it whole.
 Clamorous the senses call,
 Jesu ! Hold their might in thrall.

MOTHER OF GOOD COUNSEL.

—:—

WHEN the fierce hounds of evil bay near,
And the tracked soul is sinking in fear,
Surest help, safe retreat do I find,
On my knees, at Thy shrine, mother kind.
 Virgo gloriosa,

When the flood of a limitless joy
Doth enrapture my soul till it cloy,
 Gratitude for God's gift in my eyes,
On my knees, at Thy shrine, mother wise.
 Virgo gloriosa.

When dark spirits ape angels of light,
And the dazed soul relaxeth the fight,
Thy prayers do arm me against the wrong,
On my knees, at Thy shrine, mother strong.
 Virgo gloriosa.

When loss sudden and hard to be borne,
Makes all brightness seem drear and forlorn,
Then Thy sympathy comes with swift feet
On my knees, at Thy shrine, mother sweet.
 Virgo gloriosa.

THE BANKRUPT'S SOLILOQUY.

—:—

As a tiger in cold rage,
 Paces watchful round his cage,
 I walk my dismantled rooms,
 Ominous the future looms ;

Little broken cherished toys,
 Of my pretty baby boys',
 Dead their promised brave career,
 Ruin stark, chills me with fear.

Must their lissom, clean cut limbs,
 Twisted be at mammon's whims ?
 Must their minds be dulled by toil,
 Heaping merchant princes' spoil ?

Must their spirit's tempered steel,
 Servitude's oppression feel ?
 Must young children cope with fate,
 Pitiless as weir-wolf's hate ?

She, who sacrificing health,
 Sought to aid me on to wealth,
 Sees her fairest household gods
 Shattered as are ploughmen's clods.

Man of Sorrows ! By Thy Cross,
 Aid me to withstand this shock ;
 Aid us to support our loss
 By religion's healing rock.

HOW LONG ? O LORD.



MARK our cry, How long, O Lord, How long ?
Shall Thy fold be the spoil of the strong.

We have beaten our spears to ploughshares,
And our enemies strike unawares.

We teach our children to follow Truth,
And the Philistine robs in red ruth.

WOMAN'S TRIUMPH.

—:—

WHEN the garden of Eden was barred,
And an angel sword shimmered on guard :

It is written, the serpent was told,
Ere the flush of his triumph grew cold,
That the children of women should thrust
His proud head neath the heel in the dust.

And the sweetness by suffering bred,
And the courage from mourning for dead,
Through long ages on Woman was poured,
'Till her soul put the serpent to sword.

And the garden's grim guardian of light
Heard the angelic messenger bright ;
Saw the Star in the East, rise apace :
Saw His mother's triumphant pure face.



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